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The Highlander, Thanksgiving  
Number, 1912

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Vol I

No 1.

# The Highlander



Thanksgiving Number

1912

# A Seasonable Reminder

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# THE HIGHLANDER

Vol. 1.

ASHEVILLE, N. C., NOVEMBER, 1912.

No. 1.



BEANS

## *A Modern Class Song*

BY A MEMBER OF THE CLASS OF 1898.

We know we are expected  
To be looking much dejected,  
But if you could just detect it,  
We are tickled, that's no jest;  
Don't let our wan looks deceive you—  
We are awfully glad to leave you—  
Tho' we do hate to bereave you  
Of your brightest and your best.

### CHORUS:

Here's an end to teachers' teaching—  
They have taught us all they could;  
Here's an end to teachers' preaching,  
We are guaranteed as good;  
And in future when they meet us  
With a pleasant smile they'll greet us,  
And with dignity they'll treat us,  
As we always tho't they should.

We just hated mathematics,  
And you won't think us fanatics  
When we tell you that in statics  
We found nothing but a foe;  
We despised examination,  
We rejoiced in each vacation,  
So it's no prevarication  
When we say we're glad to go.

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Farewell, Prof.'s of Lit. and Latin,  
All the subjects we're so pat in,  
All the darling desks we sat in,  
Song and gong and book and bell.  
Farewell, red-eyed lads and lasses,  
You may have our clocks and glasses  
'Till your time of bondage passes.  
Asheville High, a long farewell.

MRS. C. H. BLANKENSHIP.

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### *The Major's Thanksgiving*

THE dusky twilight closed in on the short November day, and the fading gleam of light revealed the shabby interior of a little negro cabin and the troubled old faces of its inmates. Outside the wind whistled and blew, shaking the very foundation of the "big house." The rack and ruin of the old Standish plantation, once so beautifully kept, were clearly evidences of the Civil War's ravages. Old Major Standish had lost his eyesight as a result of wounds received in a sharp skirmish with the Yankees, and his loving helpmate, with the aid of her faithful old slaves, had completely deceived the old aristocrat as to the true state of things. Misfortune had followed the close of the war in the shape of the bankruptcy of the National Bank of Virginia, which had swallowed up the whole wealth of the Standish family.

The fatal battle in which both his sons, Dan and Robert, had been killed, had proved too much for the old Major, and his wife had read between the few words of the doctor's kind advice, the hidden meaning that news of the bank failure would undoubtedly cause her husband's death. Thus the Major still believed himself to be wealthy, and that his planta-

tion was still the most beautiful for miles around. But it had not been easy, this deception. Indeed, the three old people had lived on next to nothing in order to carry it out. It had been a problem to which, often, no solution had seemed to present itself, and even now the old darkies were discussing the ways and means of carrying out a seemingly impossible undertaking. Thanksgiving dinner, and, as yet, neither had had the idea which would settle the discussion. Thanksgiving dinner had long been a joyous event to the stricken Major, and something had always happened before this to make one possible. A kind neighbor had intervened, or some wealthy person had offered to buy a piece of the fine old furniture. But here it was, Thanksgiving eve, and nothing for the morrow's dinner.

"Ol' mistis, she am dat worried, an' her sweet face is jes' agittin' thinnah an' thinnah." As old Fanny said this her dim eyes mirrored the love that, at emancipation, had kept her still a slave.

"An' ol' marse, jes' las' week, said, 'Jerry, remembah Thanksgivin' is near and feed de turkey a monstrous heap.'" The two spent some time in silent thought and contemplation.

"I has it, Fanny!" Jerry's dusky face shone at being the first to have the "idea." "I has it, Fanny! Long as dey libry stable burned las' night, dey'll be needin' o' carriages at de depot, an' I'll borry ol' Squire Brown's hoss an' buggy an' meet de mawnin' train." Old Jerry knew from of old the merry crowds that would come in, and the mad rush for buggies and carryalls, as "you-all" came to see "you-all."

"Ol' mistis" agreed, smiling grimly as she thought of herself as the drowning man who clutched at the last straw. Lovingly she and Fanny wrapped the old darkey up warmly the next morning, and stood shivering on the porch to watch the shambling old surrey out of sight.

The old depot presented a festive scene, with the happy shouts and merry faces of the children, and the atmosphere charged with a certain hail-fellow-well-met feeling. The southbound came in with a noisy rush, and just as quickly puffed out again. Now the expectancy which always accompanies train time dwindled, the one important event of the morning had happened, and the habitual loungers strolled away with an air of lost interest, to return again at the coming of the afternoon train. Every one was meeting every one else except Uncle Jerry, and a rather bewildered looking young woman, who stood on the end of the platform, eyeing the now fast disappearing train almost wistfully. She turned her head at the voices of two bystanders, and unwittingly overheard their conversation.

"Well, I wish you'd look! There's old Jerry Standish; wonder what he's doing down here, and looking so forlorn, too."

Jerry did indeed look forlorn. He was just arriving at the conclusion that his idea had not been so brilliant, after all, as, after peering carefully into the face of each newcomer, he had decided that no one seemed to want his services.

"Why," returned the other, "I reckon he is trying to make a few dollars. You know the Standish family have nothing, and old Jerry has almost supported the blind Major and his wife."

"Why, you *don't say!* I thought old Major Standish was one of the wealthiest men around here."

"No, he lost everything in that big bank failure, and ever since—," the voices died away as the two men sauntered off.

"Oh!" said the woman, turning quickly. Her heart had jumped at the name Standish, and she had turned pale at the words that followed. Acting upon her first impulse, she

walked quickly to the old negro's side. What Jerry saw was a beautiful young woman, dressed in black, and warm with rich furs, her straight, healthy young figure in strange contrast to her sad face. At sound of her low voice, his shabby old hat came off with a jerk.

"Are you Uncle Jerry? I am Hope Love, Dan's friend"—here her voice trembled and she paused a moment to steady it—"and I've come to see Major and Mrs. Standish."

"Lordy, Lordy, are you Miss Hope what Marse Dan 'us gonter marry?"

"Yes, yes, and you're Uncle Jerry, aren't you?" She was almost crying now. "Dan has told me all about you and Aunt Fanny, and you'll take me to his home, won't you?"

"Bress yo' heart, honey, 'cose I will. Jes' jump right in, an' let me wrap yo' up. Hits mighty chilly dis mornin'." The old man's voice shook with happiness. His horse and buggy would come in, after all, and this, surely, would be dearer to old marse than even a Thanksgiving dinner.

Hope Love had the rare faculty of making friends with every one, and soon she and Jerry were talking away as if they had known each other always. The old darkey unburdened his whole sad story to the sympathetic young listener, and thus she in turn told hers. Dan Standish had met Hope while fighting up North. His father and mother had met her, too, before the Major had gone blind, and they were equally charmed with her bright attractiveness. The two young people were waiting until the war was over before they should marry, but Dan had been killed just before the war ended. He had died with Hope by his side, and had begged her to pay his bereaved parents a long visit. But her mother had been left a widow and an invalid, too, so that, until a week ago, at her mother's death, Hope had been unable to

fulfill her lover's request. The Love family had been a wealthy one, and now, Hope Love, with almost a fortune, had come to live with Major and Mrs. Standish. She had not heard of the bankruptcy, however, and had been greatly surprised when she had accidentally overheard it.

Not until she had secured everything available for a Thanksgiving dinner and the surrey had been piled high with good things, even to a plump, fussing old gobbler, would Hope allow Jerry to drive her to the plantation. Her heart smote her as she viewed the rambling old lawn. "Can this be the beautiful place that Dan has so often pictured to me?" she thought, and, with her quick artistic eye, Hope planned many improvements for the dear old people.

As dinner time had come and no Jerry, Mrs. Standish and Fanny had anxiously stationed themselves at the window. Old Fanny saw them first. "Lawsy, mistis," she cried, "he not only got a Thanksgiving dinnah, but he's done brung us er visitah."

"Fanny, go tell your master that dinner is almost ready to serve, and that there will be guests." Mrs. Standish was plainly excited, but this loving deception had become a part of her life, and was not to be forgotten now.

So like her own mother did she seem to Hope, as she stood, delicately frail, waiting with true Southern hospitality to greet whoever should grace her poor doors, that tears sprang to the young girl's eyes, and she jumped lightly over the wheels to run up the walk. "You dear, dear little mother!" she cried. The two clasped each other in a close embrace, mingling their joys and sorrows. As they turned with arms locked to go in and tell the major all about it, old Jerry viewed their vanishing backs with a chuckle.

"Now, ain't that jes' a blessed sight. But Lawsy, 'Ive got

to hurry, an' my Fanny will have to git a move on, shorah. As for you, old turkey, yo' minutes dey is suttently num-bahed." Accordingly out in the kitchen, busy preparation reigned. Uncle Jerry held the turkey up for inspection before taking him to his doom. "Fanny, dat am a monstrous turkey."

The person thus addressed wiped her eyes on the corner of her apron and uttered a sigh of thankfulness. "Oh, honey, I'm jes' dat happy, 'tel I wondah ef de world ain't comin' to an end."

HELEN E. NICHOLS, '14.

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### *Silas's First Visit to a Large City*

A FEW miles out from Asheville, near that enterprising township of Sandy Mush, lived an old countryman, Silas Turner, and his wife, whose name was Sally Ann. They were well-to-do people, had a large farm, plenty of sheep, cows, and chickens, and should have been perfectly happy and contented.

But Silas was one of those people who are never satisfied with anything. He finally grew tired of this lonely and desolate life, and to him the farm work was no longer attractive. All the peaceable, homelike scenes, the chickens and ducks in the barnyard, the sheep grazing on the grassy hillsides, no longer filled his heart with that love of home which every man, who has a home, is bound to feel. His whole heart and soul were burning with an eager desire to travel and see the world.

At last he decided to go to the home of his son, who had left the farm many years before, and was now a prosperous merchant in New York City.

On the morning of his departure, he arose early, fed his stock for the last time, and ate his breakfast in silence. When the old clock on the wall struck seven, Silas kissed Sally goodbye, mounted an old gray mule, and rode away toward Asheville, without even casting a farewell glance at the old farmhouse, which had sheltered him from the storms for many years.

He arrived in Asheville about nine o'clock, and created quite a stir as he came up Patton Avenue on his old gray mule, his hair standing as straight as the quills of a mad porcupine, and singing at the top of his voice:

“ We shall gather at the river,  
That flows by the city of New York.”

After much wrangling at the station over the buying of his ticket and the checking of his baggage, he managed to get aboard the train, having taken a Pullman berth straight through to New York.

Here it is sufficient to say that Silas arrived back at the farm house one week later and seemed very glad to get back. We will now let Silas himself tell you of his adventures in the great metropolis. Following is the narrative which he related to Sally on his return:

“Wal, the porter yelled out, ‘All aboard!’ but I told him I warn’t aboard yit, and he hollered, ‘Well, git aboard and hurry up about it.’ So I climbed in an tuk my seat, and the thing started.

“In a few minits we come to that air station what folks called Biltmore. A nigger chap told me that they called it Biltmore cause a feller named Vander-bilt more than he could pay fer, so he went busted. Wal, I went to sleep a short time after, and I dunno how long I had slept when the same porter chap that had hollered ‘All abode,’ woke me up

yellin', 'Baltimo!' I sed, What's the matter now? He musta balt (bought) more than he could pay for this time.

"Wal, the train stayed thar fer a few minits and then we lit out again, and some hours afterward reached our destination. The nigger yelled, New York! All out!"

"I climbed out and went inter a big buildin' called the depot. John, he met me, and led me out inter the street, and bless Jake! what do you reckon I saw thar? It was one of them tarnal, puffin', blowin', snortin' things what the city folks call 'ortermobiles.' John, he told me to climb in, an I done it, but I shure wus sorter 'spicious 'bout the bloomin' thing. John, he stepped down in front of the thing and turned a little ole crank, and the thing giv' a jerk and like to skeered me to death. John, he climbed in and after an orful run through the streets, we come to John's house.

"I says, 'John, take him around to the barn and give him some corn and oats, and I'll go on in the house, as I'm orful tired.' He laughed and said 'Alright, dad,' so I tuk my walkin' stick and walked up to the front door. Just as I started to open it, it flew open and a great big black nigger stepped out. I jest lammed away and knocked him in the head wid my walkin' stick and then carried him out to whar John was feedin' his ortimobile and said, 'John, here's a big nigger I caught in your house.' And John, he said, 'Why, dad, that is my butler. I'm surprised at you. Turn him loose this minute.' Wal, I turned him loose, but I said to John right thar, that if he ever come home, his ole mammy would meet him at the door and not the washerwoman's son.

"Wal, we had some grub an then went out sight seein'. Sal, thar was some of the tallest buildin's thar that I ever seed. I used to think ole man Josh Wilson's barn wus high, but shucks, it ain't nothin' in comparison with these here.

Thar wus one buildin' what they called the Singer Buildin', and gosh! but it was a whopper. It was so tarnel high that them folks what stays on the top floor have to sleep with cotton in their years to keep from hearin' the angels singin'. At least that's what one feller tole me, and I shure do believe it. Thar wus another high buildin' thar, I fergit the name of it, but I do remember this, on days when the wind is blowin' pretty tolerable peart, they have to hook it over the moon to keep it from blowin' away.

"After we seen all these things, John says, 'Dad, let's go to the Zoo.' I says, 'What's that, son?' He says, 'That's whar they keep the wild animals.' So we went, and jest as we went in the big door I give a yell and fell backwards. John says, 'What in the world is the matter now, dad?' I says, 'Law, son, look yonder. Thar's Abe Johnson's baby in that cage.' John laughed and said, 'Why, dad, that's an ape.' I says, 'Well, maybe so, but they shure do look like twins.'

"One day we went out for a ride, and jest had got started good, when a big feller wid a blue coat and brass buttons on it, held up a leetle ole stick in his hand and said we wus 'expeedin' the ceeed limit.' I didn't know what he meant, but he made me fork over five dollars, and I told him that it wus a shame fer a respectable citizen of Sandy Mush, N. C., to be treated in any sich a manner.

"It didn't take me much longer to git enough of that place, and I jest tole John I wus comin' right back home. So I jest packed up my leetle grip and left and come straight home, and here I am. You kin live in New York if you want to, but no more fer me. Ole Sandy Mush fer me, now and forever. Amen."

BASCOMBE W. JAMES, '14.

*"The Same Old Story"*

BY WILLIAM THOMAS KEENER.

'Tis but the same old story,  
A story of love and beauty,  
Of cowardice, shame, a yearning for glory,  
Overcome by a sense of duty.

PART ONE.

'Twas in the little Western town of B——,  
In the days when the whites with sturdy hand  
Slowly drove the Indians from their native land,  
Westward, ever westward, toward the sea.

Near the center of this village, upon those prairie lands,  
Two lovers sought a place of rest to form their future plans.  
He was an Eastern fellow; she, a truly Western maid,  
Was a type of Western beauty that never seems to fade.  
Of medium size, with chestnut hair and hazel eyes—  
Well might he boast of his lovely prize.

But as these lovers chatted, and as the seconds flew,  
Far down the road, amid the dust, a horseman came to view.  
Down thro' the village street he sped, and cried to an eager throng,  
"The Indians are on the warpath, they're gather'd a thousand strong.  
Let every man in the country 'round spring forth to his town's  
defense.

Shame on the men, be they old or young, who utter a faint pretense.  
March to the northern fort tonight; be there by the set of sun.  
Think not of home or hasty flight—they're left when the victory's  
won."

On thro' the town the message spread—on to the lovers gay,  
Filling the maiden's heart with dread, dashing their hopes away.  
"Edith," the young man cried, "what cruel fate is this  
That harms our country, mocks our love, and sends our plans amiss?"

"Jack," the maid replied, "'tis cruel fate, I know;  
But still our road is long and wide, we've many a mile to go;  
There's many a turn, but there's plenty of time. To this we both  
agree—  
Our joys will be the sweeter, Jack, when you return to me.

"So now, farewell, my friend.  
 But remember, tho' in danger you may trend,  
 Your duty lies 'fore self's desire.  
 And when for me you seek some faint pretext,  
 Forget not that your country's first—I'm only next,  
 And that I'm waiting for the man I most admire."

## PART TWO.

A week of fear and toil had passed,  
 A week of fear that well might blast  
 The courage of our soldier friend.  
 And now we find him pacing to and fro,  
 The sentinel of a sleeping camp within the fire's glow—  
 The wonder of his captain, and the idol of his men.

With watchful eye, alert and calm, he watched while his comrades slept;

While his Edith fair, with chestnut hair, for him in pity wept.  
 Then over the camp, in accents clear, his voice thro' the silence fell,  
 "Eleven o'clock and all is well! E-lev-en-o'clock-and-all-is-well!"

Just then the dreaded war-whoop came; one thousand demons, bright  
 with battle paint,

Sent forth their brave defiant yell, which 'roused his comrades with  
 its echoes faint.

They sprang to arms; never did sleeping men spring quicker into  
 life than these;

They strained their ears to catch the faintest sound wafted upon the  
 midnight breeze.

Would the redskins wait for light?

This they tho't, and thinking, tho't 'twas right—

Far safer would they be at early dawn.

Just then a host of arrows splintered overhead;

The soldiers answered back with messengers of lead—

The long intended fight was on.

For several hours the bloody fight was waged,

'Till the sun, flushed with the crimson light

Of dawn, shone o'er the eastern wall.

Then the Indian chiefs in wordy council 'gaged,

Chose to storm the fortress with their force and might,

To rush the fortress with its stockades tall.

'Tis now or never they must act, the captain feels 'tis so.  
He mounts the stockade's lookout tower and sizes up the foe.  
"Who'll go," he cried, "quick aid to bring to us ere we must fall?  
His praises we will ever sing, who does this deed for all."

Each man within that manly crowd sought earnestly to get the quest.  
The captain answered not aloud, but nodded to the best.  
"Jack Darroll, you I gladly name—ride quickly to the nearest post;  
Tell them from where and whence you came, and send us aid or we  
are lost."

The stockade's gates were opened wide, the horseman galloped out;  
O'er prairie land and mountain side there 'rose an awful shout.  
And deep within that mighty roar one single purpose was foretold—  
'Twas death to him who rode before, 'twas vengeance for each war-  
rior bold.

Meanwhile the rider, bending low, dug spurs into his horse's flanks;  
Each poisoned arrow, humming low, passed onward into prairie  
banks.

Still on he pressed his panting steed 'till all his foes were left behind;  
But in that time when he was freed temptations filled his mind.

They came to the point where the roads divide: on the road to the  
right was the needed aid;

To the left was his home and promised bride—here his path to safety  
was delayed.

Then, as we see our hero pause, with eager hands so near the wanted  
prize,

Two pictures, as the Heavenly Artist draws, 'rose vividly before his  
fearless eyes.

He could see his agèd mother in a far off eastern town,  
He felt her soft, caressing hand, he saw each anxious frown;  
He heard the prayer she sent above, that angels in that distant land  
Should cheer him with their words of love and guide him with un-  
erring hand.

Again he saw his sweetheart fair, his "Life's Desire," his bride to be;  
How longingly she waited there beneath the budding tree;  
How clear her cry of duty true came ringing o'er the wooded glade.  
This wiped away each bitter thought—a miracle therein was  
wrought—

He'd battle hell to get the aid, and die knowing he had fought.

He spurred his horse; the woodlands rang with shouts of vengeance  
close behind.

The thoughts of comrades, dead and dying, came surging thro' his  
wearied mind;

One aim had he, one purpose true, no matter though he fell in doing,  
As on he sped, 'neath skies of blue, to save the fort where danger's  
brewing.

The friendly post looms up in sight; new life is coursing thro' his  
veins;

His wearied steed speeds on in flight at touch of spur and jerk of  
reins;

He nears the gates; the horse's speed is quickened by each leap and  
bound,

When lo! an arrow kills his steed and brings the rider to the ground.

He rises up; quick aid comes out, but God decreed 'twas not for him;  
He knows he can not reach the fort, so shouts aloud in accents dim:  
"Oh, friends, God speed you on your way, the Northern Fortress all  
but stands destroyed!

Oh, bring a steed that I may guide the way and save the friends I  
have so much enjoyed."

Here his comrades strove to save him, but his earthly hours were  
told.

He had done the deed they gave him (though had bargained, too, for  
gold),

For an arrow, winged with malice, quivered in our hero's breast—  
Down he sank upon the prairie, down into eternal rest.

Reader, tho' you call him brave or coward matters little now today;  
Remember that he saved the fortress, though by tempter led astray.  
He was but a mortal being, but he conquered in the strife—

When he had a chance for fleeing, stayed, and sacrificed his life.

*A Thanksgiving on the Craggies*

THANKSGIVING, that glorious day of feasting and family gatherings, when visions of roast turkey, cranberry sauce, and plum pudding arise before my eyes, was once spent by one of my cousins in a most unusual way.

The day before Thanksgiving was one of those crystal clear days, very common in our mountains, when we feel as if we could walk miles and miles and never stop. On this day my cousin felt that wandering spirit creep over him, and remembering that his uncle was a great walker, he planned that they should celebrate Thanksgiving in a far different manner than heretofore—upon the summit of Craggy Mountain. They well knew that no steaming Thanksgiving dinner would await them there upon the mountain. But after all, what did it matter? Thanksgiving was not a day to be entirely spent in feasting.

Thanksgiving day came in all its chilly splendor. The two left town at nine o'clock sharp for that delightful drive and tramp up the mountain. How energetic this brisk weather made them feel! For miles they drove over frozen roads, well wrapped in coats and blankets. They were not sorry when at last they reached the foot of the mountain. It would be such fun slipping and sliding, as they went up the steep path. They fed the horse and left it in the care of a man, living in the last house on the road.

For several minutes they stood at the foot of the mountain, gazing up the trail. It looked far and very steep, but two stout and hearty men could make it in a few hours. On and on they made their way up the trail, which wound through majestic oak, poplar, and masses of rhododendron, seeing

with wondering eyes the beautiful designs worked in a filigree of ice around tree trunks, on rocks, and over the undergrowth of the rhododendron bushes. After passing the Striped Rocks they saw signs of snow. By the time they had reached the gap, the cold north wind from the frozen regions of Canada was playing havoc with the small saplings. Poplars bent their heads low under the glistening coating of ice which covered them, and swayed to the fierce blasts of the cold north wind. Small bushes were hidden by the snow. Rhododendrons were snugly wrapped under that foot-and-a-half snow white counterpane.

Amidst all of these wonderful wintry sights, the trampers ploughed their way through ice and snow to the summit of Craggy. Their eyes were arrested by more dazzling and more beautiful wonders than they had seen at the gap. On all the trees they saw snow flowers, and wondered at them, for they are very rare, and an impression is produced that is not easily forgotten. The flowers only form at high altitudes and under certain peculiar conditions of extreme cold. The one striking peculiarity about this icy flower is its snowy whiteness. Another peculiarity, almost as striking, is their elasticity. This little tenacious flower clings to the side of the tree against which the wind is blowing, and it never lets loose. Even when the wind changes, this little windmill swings itself around, too. The trees creak and groan, almost overcome by their burden, but still the snow flower clings. They are irresistible little things. The trampers saw nothing but glistening white, resembling beautiful pieces of lace work daintily wrought. Under foot, on this great expanse of grassland, now well covered with a foot and a half of snow, they felt as if they were Peary or Cook, in the frozen region of the North Pole.

It was very unique, and amid all of this magnificence they

almost forgot their Thanksgiving dinner, although they had not laid much stress on that most important factor of a royal Thanksgiving. After some time they found a sheltered place under a rock cliff. But after that discovery it was necessary to make an exploration over the mountain top to find dry wood for a fire. With much difficulty, which would have been the despair of one of our modern boy scouts, they succeeded in building a roaring fire. Then came that Thanksgiving dinner, probably the highest ever served in three courses. The first course consisted of cold sausage, the second course contained cold bread and sausage, and the third course was cold sausage and bread.

After their Thanksgiving feast, the travelers viewed the surrounding country. A vague awe of the mountains and hills seized them, and for a time they stood motionless and dreaming. Beyond, they could discern the great Smoky Mountain in the west. Looking away across the Blue Ridge they could see the South Mountains of Burke County. Facing the northeast was the Black Mountain Range, culminating in Mount Mitchell. All peaks were clothed in snow, and glistened like glass under the sun's rays. Limitless blue waves ran their length of the heavens. However, just before sunset, a brown haze, rolling across the Tennessee Mountains, like a great stream pouring over a dam, began to blot out one by one the different peaks, until only those near at hand could be seen. This betokened a change in the weather. Immediately after this haze had swept over the mountains, the temperature began to fall.

It was now afternoon and time for them to make their way homeward. The way down the trail was very rough, and only after many falls in the snow, and improvised toboggan slides, did they reach the horse and buggy.

When these two half-starved and half-frozen wanderers reached home, they concluded that the last course of their Thanksgiving dinner had been omitted. They found the "left overs" awaiting them, and they sat around the fireside and consumed with hearty appetites the remains of the home Thanksgiving dinner.

ANNIE TENNENT, '13.

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### *Snoozeville*

THESE is a little town in the eastern part of this country which is known by the epithet of Snoozeville. I do not know for certain the origin of this curious nickname, but the natural explanation is the predominant characteristic of its inhabitants. Never was there a lazier, sleepier, and altogether a more shiftless set of people. Like those in Irving's "Legend of Sleepy Hollow," they seem to have always been the same. Even the newcomers do not long resist the malady, but readily catch its infection. Once in a while there would be a death, or a couple would summon energy enough to get married. Then a ripple would start, touching those most concerned and losing its effect as it spread, much as the waves caused by throwing a stone into a still pond.

But Snoozeville was not destined to sleep forever. For once it should fully open its eyes.

The first stir was caused by the arrival of several families, who had come to spend a quiet summer. There were three in these families, who are concerned in my story, two boys and a girl. The girl was popularly known as Bilikins—not because she was lacking in physical beauty, but because she was mischievous to the extreme. Pretty, gay, winsome, and attractive to all the boys, she always carried trouble.

Two days after her arrival, while rambling through the small shops, Bilikins had her toes trod upon. Looking up to see who had been the offender, she faced a tall, slender, tow-headed youth with sandy hair, well dressed, but with the flashiness of a fop. While he was occupied in making profuse apologies through his nose, she was examining him more closely, and suddenly remembered that she had seen him on the same train on which she came. With quick perception, the girl foresaw that he would offer a source of amusement for a while at least, so she quickly made preparations for landing him. A few moments they chatted. Bilikins, with a winsome smile, acquainted the young dandy with her nickname, and he charmingly confessed that a few fellows called him "Slats." Then an invitation to Miss Bilikins' home was promptly followed by a date for 7:30 that evening.

Promptly at 7:30 Slats appeared and was greeted by the smiling hostess. She led him into the parlor and there introduced him to another young man, the third of the arrivals. His name was Tom, simply Tom, for that was what everybody called him and that was all that was necessary. Although Slats did not know it, Tom was Bilikins' cousin and companion since childhood. What Slats did know, however, was that, although his new acquaintance was not tall, he was heavily built and possessed a pair of intelligent and determined eyes. In this one the tall youth recognized his rival, but thought with the confidence of conceit that he was a match for him; while Tom, at sight of the other, smiled to himself. All found seats and a general conversation was begun. Slats endeavored to show his vast amount of knowledge, but succeeded only in revealing the depth of his ignorance. Bilikins said little, except to urge on the talker, and Tom remained silent. Certainly the slender youth proved

the attraction of the evening, for, when the weather and politics had been exhausted, he made a little exhibition of his declaiming abilities and then honored his listeners with a few vocal selections. The rendering was both comical and pathetic, so Bilikins wisely prevented further embarrassment with a yawn.

The calls which followed were numerous, and Slat, being of the progressive kind, soon began to hire horses for the afternoons and to purchase bonbons. By this time he was fully in love. It was not the love that dawns on a person at first sight and as quickly departs; but that still, constant, overpowering flame that endures under any conditions and descends down the ages to eternity. What could Tom accomplish in the face of such love? But that young man, fearing lest his rival would get too great odds against him, began to take more interest in the game. So the race began in earnest, with first Slat and then Tom in the lead. Candies, flowers, and all methods of entertainment were contributed toward winning the young lady's favor.

Sensing something unusual in the air, Snoozeville, at this juncture, blinked twice. But affairs were then beginning to reach a crisis, and so much interest was aroused that the sleepest of towns actually awoke. Slat, unable to contain himself any longer, finally bubbled over, and declared with a great flood of heart thrilling sentiment his unalterable affection for the only girl in the world. It was at this time that Tom was heard to remark of his rival that he was only in his puppy love and merely indulging in a little case of poodledogism. When the case was put before Bilikins, she was unable to decide whether she loved either one, or the other, or both. This left affairs generally in a rather perturbed state.

As such affairs usually do, this one ended unhappily for one at least, the victim in this instance being Slats. This is how it came about.

The young gentleman in question was one morning taking a constitutional and chanced to be passing a little suburban park when he spied three girls. He was not acquainted with them, but, seeing that they were endeavoring ineffectually to move a heavy bench, he slacked his pace. One of them then looked around at him with a sly smile and expressed aloud her wish that they had some one to help them. The hint was too broad for even Slats to mistake, so, being of a very gallant temperament, he charged for the bench. When within a few feet of the objective point, he was arrested in his tracks by the appearance of an enormous bulldog. One glance around revealed the only hope of refuge, a nearby tree. Nearly any one can hurry when it is necessary; in this case it was very necessary. The subsequent behavior of the girls toward one in his plight was certainly extraordinary. Peel after peel of laughter was followed by deliberate desertion. But the dog did not desert; he was engaged in licking his chops. Then Tom appeared, followed by some of the more enterprising of Snoozeville's youths. No one offered to lend assistance; they merely grinned. Before dinner time it began to drizzle and the clouds became darker. In a few minutes it was raining in earnest, and all departed except the dog and the boy. Fury followed embarrassment, but it did not keep the rain off. All day it poured in torrents, and still the dog stayed on. Toward evening the weather cleared a little and Bull at last took a doze. By this time Slats was desperate, and decided to make a break for freedom. He dropped quickly from a lower branch to the ground and was off. When the dog awoke and found that his prisoner had

escaped, he set up a series of yelps and howls. Slats, hearing this at a distance, put on a burst of speed that would have done honor to a Marathon competitor. At last he reached his abode, and, despite his late exertion, he began at once to pack his trunk. Slats had had enough of Snoozeville and all its inhabitants. The great, enduring love which he had borne for Bilikins was completely washed away by the rain. So thoroughly had the elements done their work that not a vestige of sentiment was left. He felt not the least desire to see his Snoozeville acquaintances again; so he departed in haste and forgot to bid any one farewell. It was not until he was comfortably seated on the train that the full significance of the inopportune appearance of the dog and Tom dawned upon his slow intellect. It is likely that he often thought of it afterwards, and let us hope that he profited by it.

As for Snoozeville, that little town has again relapsed into deep slumber; but a monument, bestowed by a passing traveler who was not without a sense of humor, now records the most important date in the little town's history.

HAMILTON E. McDOWELL, '13.

*The Waif's Thanksgiving*

THE cold November wind whistled shrilly around the corner and spared no one from its rough play. In fact the wind seemed especially joyous on this occasion and took great delight in blowing hats into mud-puddles and getting itself tangled up in ladies' skirts, much to the dismay and embarrassment of the fair wearers. No, the wind on such days as this had no respect for persons and rich and poor alike were victims of his rough sport and cruel sting. Every one seemed to realize this sad fact, too, and all hurried to shelter and out of his reach as fast as they could; all except a barefooted little urchin who stood shivering before a grocery window and gazed hungrily on the good things displayed therein.

"You think you're mighty smart, Mr. Wind, to blow this way when a fellow ain't got no coat," said the little waif to himself as he thrust his hands deeper into his ragged pockets and shivered as an extra strong gust of wind came up the street. "But a fellow could stand that if he only had something to eat like what's in there," and he nodded towards the window with a longing look that confirmed his words. "But I ain't got no money," he added, "and nobody in this world don't care for nobody else, 'ceptin' they own stomicks, so I ain't likely to get any even if tomorrow is Thanksgiving. Gee! but I'm cold; I don't see anything to be thankful for nohow, days like this." Then the child, having come to the conclusion that looking at the goodies would not get them, cast one more longing glance at the tempting window and started across the street, still meditating on the selfishness of the world and the sharp wind that made his bare legs blue with cold.

So absorbed was he in his own thoughts that he failed to hear the warning honk-honk of an automobile truck that came tearing down the street, and before the child had time to know what was happening the truck was nearly upon him. A woman screamed and a man yelled for him to jump, but it was too late, and the truck passed over the frail little body of the child.

\* \* \* \* \*

The sun streamed in through the windows of the children's ward in the big hospital and fell across the bed of one who was evidently a newcomer.

"Now just look at that measly sun shining on that new fellow's bed, when Miss Lucy said it would be on mine this morning; if that ain't like the nerve of some pigs," whispered one little inmate to his neighbor.

"You'd better shut yo' mouth, Billy," cautioned his neighbor, "if you know what's good for you. Miss Lucy's done said not to wake him up, and she means jest persakly what she says. You'd better go on back to sleep, noway."

"Can't," answered Billy, but he turned over as if to try, and the ward was once again wrapped in silence. It was not for long, though, for the sun waked all those that Billy had not, and it took more than the nurse's command to keep down the animal spirits of seven boys.

"Boys; turkey!!" called out one little fellow in a stage whisper that seemed a signal for every one to talk at once, and a thrill of general, though half-subdued excitement ran through the room, for this was Thanksgiving day and a turkey dinner had been promised the boys in the convalescent ward.

"You'll wake that kid up what was squashed by the automobile if you don't look out," said Big Tom, who was ever

mindful of what Miss Lucy said, and always considerate of others. But his warning came too late, and the newcomer opened his eyes wonderingly and stared around him as if he was not quite sure he knew where he was nor what had brought him there.

"Don't you know where you are, kid?" laughed the big boy who noticed the wondering look on the younger child's face and at once had the desire to make him feel as much at home as possible. "Well, you're in the boy's ward in St. Mary's sickhouse for bein' squashed by a auto. And this here little shaver," he added, "is Billy, an' he talked first this mornin' and Miss Lucy's goin' to fix him for it, too; and the next on the tother side of you there is Jake, an' Miss Lucy's goin' mor' an fix him, 'cause he yelled out 'turkey!' an' that made everybody talk; an' the next kid is Pete, what's got a punk eye; an' the one in the corner is Little Tom, an' can eat mor'an all the rest put together; an' that last little un' is Jumbo, what got run over by a train. And today is Thanksgivin'. Hurrah!" and Tom gave vent to his feelings in a lusty cheer that brought Miss Lucy running into the room.

"Dear me! who has exploded?" cried the pretty nurse in a tone of such well-feigned anxiety that the whole ward giggled.

"Boys, boys, what ever shall I do with you? And here, you have forgotten the stranger in our midst," and she looked down at Tim with a smile that made him forget the dull ache in his arm and shoulder and sent an electric thrill all through his small body.

"No'm, they ain't forgot me yit," corrected her new charge, with a sweet shyness that only children know. "They done made me feel mos' glad I got hurted."

"Goin' to have turkey for dinner," chimed in Billy, no

longer able to subdue the thought that was uppermost in his mind.

"An' plum puddin'," piped Jumbo.

"An' plum puddin', an' candy, an' nuts, an' fruit," in turn cried the others. And so it went until the whole ward was in confusion and Miss Lucy had to threaten not to give them any breakfast if they weren't quiet, before the boys again came to any sort of order.

Then the breakfast was brought in, and such a breakfast it was! There was everything that a hungry boy's heart could desire. And Tim afterwards declared that his "stomick hadn't felt so contented like in a week." Then, too, to add to Tim's comfort, Miss Lucy was there with her ready smile that was like sunshine and her gentle voice and sweet ways that had made her the idol of every boy's heart.

And thus the morning wore on, with the white-capped nurse going from bed to bed administering to the needs of her small charges, and giving words of encouragement when a sharp pain turned some little face white and caused the quick tears to start to brave little eyes; and the boys talked incessantly all morning of the coming Thanksgiving dinner and the glories of the turkey, that, to have heard the boys discuss it, one would have thought was the most wonderful bird that ever graced a Thanksgiving table. Indeed, at times the discussion grew so animated and the excitement ran so high that Miss Lucy had to raise a warning finger to remind the boys that they were still in a hospital.

At last dinner time rolled around and mid a breathless silence the boys were put in roller chairs and rolled out into the hall where the table had been set for the feast.

Such a sight met their eyes. A long drawn O-h! escaped

from each boy and Tim's eyes nearly popped out of his head.

The table fairly groaned under its load of good things, for there was everything that the hungriest boy could wish for a Thanksgiving dinner, and the turkey was large enough to come up to even Little Tim's highest expectations.

The boys certainly did justice to the spread, too. Never before had a dinner disappeared so rapidly, and never before had so much mirth accompanied a meal as on this Thanksgiving day in the hall of St. Mary's Hospital. Each boy ate and ate and ate, until, as Pete aptly expressed it, they couldn't swallow another bite, and all they could do was chew, and even Big Tom declared that every one seemed to be trying to cut Little Tim out of his "rep."

But finally the meal came to an end, as all good things will, and the boys were rolled back into the ward and tucked snugly into bed again.

"Miss Lucy, wasn't that jest the bestest dinner you ever *did* see," piped up Billy, as he was being put back to bed.

"It certainly was," agreed the nurse, "and never before have I seen such a crowd of happy boys; but you all must be real quiet now, to make up for all this noise. And," she added, "if you are *real* still I'll tell you a story," for Miss Lucy, after many years of experience, had learned that this was the best method by which to keep seven restless boys still.

So Miss Lucy told the boys a story; a story of the first Thanksgiving day. Told them how the Pilgrims came to this country to have freedom to worship God as they would; told how bravely they bore the hardships of that first terrible winter in the New World, and then how they offered thanks to their Deliverer when their many labors were at last

crowned with success. And the boys listened breathlessly to the beautiful story and all pain and suffering were forgotten as Miss Lucy's gentle voice pictured that first feast of Thanksgiving and told them what the day really meant.

And, as she finished, a tear came into Little Tim's eye as he thought how thankful he was for this beautiful day, and compared it with the day that it might have been, and his grateful little heart lifted a prayer of thanksgiving to the God that had shown him that all in this world was not greed and selfishness.

MARY FRANCES SHUFORD, '14.



*Propriis Volamus Alis.*

Vol. 1.

ASHEVILLE, N. C., NOVEMBER, 1912.

No. 1.

EDWIN S. HARTSHORN.....Editor in Chief  
GRACE MACLAIN AND CHARLES G. TENNENT.....Editors  
KENDRICK COACHMAN .....Exchange Editor  
KATHRYN WILSON .....Local Editor  
CARL N. BEAN.....Art Editor  
CHAS. O. RIDDICK.....Business Manager  
JOHN VOORHEES BROOKSHIRE.....Assistant Manager

THE HIGHLANDER is published quarterly by the students of the Asheville High School, Asheville, North Carolina. Subscription price is twenty-five cents per copy, seventy-five cents for three issues. For subscriptions and advertisements, address the Business Manager.

We have decided to make a radical change in our magazine this year, which we hope will prove for the better, namely, to issue it quarterly instead of monthly, as heretofore. We have several obvious reasons for this change. In the first place, the publication will be materially increased in size, being literally four times as large as our former one; and, because of the longer time we will have for preparation, its contents will be of a much higher standard and better class than before. Then, too, the long intervals between publications will be an advantage to the staff, as they will not have to hurry with their work so much, but will have an opportunity to perform their duties much more thoroughly than

has as yet been possible. As far as we can see at present this innovation has every prospect of proving satisfactory.

As our new magazine is no longer a monthly our previous name, "The High School Monthly," is inadequate, so it was necessary to choose another, which would be suitable, appropriate, and expressive. With these qualifications in view we finally decided upon "The Highlander," and accordingly christened our magazine with this appellation.

Our magazine in the past has generally been a success; in fact it has always been until last year, when it died down from lack of support. For some unknown reason the student body took very little interest in it and as a natural consequence of this the magazine was in a sense a failure. This year, however, the school has awakened to the fact that it wants a magazine and wants it badly, and it's going to have it, what's more. So the students are one and all placing their shoulders to the wheel in a determined manner. We are all pushing and our magazine is bound to be successful—can't help it, with this enthusiasm. Not only are plentiful literary contributions being made, but also financial; the fact is, practically three-fourths of the students are subscribers.

E. S. H.

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In America's present age of progressive development many peculiar ideas concerning the real value of high school training have originated from misapprehension. Some people believe that high school training is of no use to the ordinary business man, and is preparation for only those intending to go to college. Others declare that such a course is only a waste of time for those who wish to specialize in certain subjects. But "Reason" rules that every young man and young woman should have at least a high school education, not

simply to develop the brain, but for practical use in business, social and domestic life.

The courses of study in the average high school are broad and general enough to serve as an introduction to any one line of special study. It is the general idea that history and Latin are given only to develop the memory and brain power, but there are reasons more important for the maintenance of these branches of study in the high school.

The study of history gives one a definite knowledge of the human race—the stages of development and civilization—the struggle between justice and power—the great characters and “Ideal Men” of all time, and fosters in every earnest heart a desire to follow some great martyr, warrior or statesman as a model. Not only will the student derive noble inspirations from the records of the past, but he will be able to carry on an intelligent conversation based on historical facts, which are often the subjects of social discourse. If a young man or woman were trained to the highest degree attainable in bookkeeping, stenography, or any other similar course and knew practically nothing outside of local happenings would it be natural or likely for that person to enjoy the intellectual privilege which the high school graduate may enjoy?

Latin as a high school study has been opposed more than any other subject, in spite of its great importance. In this period of “Get Rich Quick,” and “Turn Everything Into Dollars,” you can readily see that the attack is due to the idea that Latin offers no aid in the struggle for existence. Yet living is larger than the mere accumulation of wealth, and we must consider the other important phases which render life worth while. Our own language is so closely

connected with the Latin language that a large part of our words are derived from it. By having a sound knowledge of that language we would be able to understand our own much better than before.

The surrounding influences of high school life have a place of equal importance in education. It is here where the habits and opinions are formed. It is here where the ability and fitness to follow various vocations are revealed. And here the student faces different opinions and different views, which create a desire to know more about the truths of those opinions and views which the fellow student possesses; and finally it is here where the youth is first imbued with a desire for knowledge and a love of truth that distinguish the cultured man from the ignorant, and are the basis of good citizenship and upright living.

C. G. T.

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Every one is now interested in the results of the war between Italy and Turkey. The immediate cause for the war was the claiming of Tripoli by King Emmanuel of Italy. Italy claimed to have conquered Tripoli and attacked Turkey in September, 1911. The Italian army was composed of about one hundred and fifty thousand well trained soldiers, who had the very best armor as well as aëroplanes and every modern military arm to aid them. The Turkish army was composed of volunteers from the Bedouins and Arabs, men who were rough and untrained. They were commanded by four or five hundred Turks and were reënforced by some four thousand Turks.

Italy thought she could easily conquer the Turks and get Tripoli into the bargain, but Turkey proved to be a formidable enemy and Italy soon found that her army could not save

her, and resorting to strategy she bombarded Beirut, by giving aid to the Yanen rebels, and attacked the Dardanelles. She thought she would get the two strongholds and win a moderate if not an overwhelming victory. She failed in her undertaking and the war drew to a close. The treaty was signed between the Turkish and Italian ambassadors, September the 17th, 1912, a few days over a year after the beginning of the war.

The conditions of the treaty were as follows:

(a) Italy was given absolute sovereignty in Lybia, although she was not formally recognized by Turkey.

(b) A continuance of the free exercise of religious authority by the Khalif (Sultan of Turkey).

(c) The withdrawal by Turkey of her regular troops from Lybia.

(d) Turkey paid an indemnity of \$120,000,000 to Italy, which was equal to Lybia's contributions to the Turkish treasury.

(e) The Sporades—the Ægean Islands—were restored to Turkey on the condition that she should treat the Christian population with due consideration and respect.

(f) An agreement was made that no indemnity should be paid by either side toward cost of the war.

(g) The reëstablishment of the former diplomatic and commercial arrangements.

By the treaty, Turkey lost all control in Northern Africa, but remained Suzerain of Egypt, a title which is now empty. Italy on receiving Tripoli immediately changed her name to Lybia, her old Latin name, by which she is called in the terms of the treaty. In order to insure the safety of the payment by Turkey of the interest on the \$120,000,000 loan, she will, while retaining the sovereignty upon all Ægean

islands, allow Italy to hold the twelve islands which have already been occupied, and which, therefore, will remain under Italian administration.

The importance of this treaty is that Italy will be recognized as a colonial power. Since she has gained Lybia, she has a colony which covers an area of one million square miles, with a sea coast dotted with good harbors. Lybia is much nearer Sicily and easier to get to in every way than her other colonies. Although there is nothing to Lybia now except her sea coast cities, the interior tribes can soon be Christianized, and then the greater part of Africa will be under the control of Christian influences.

With the gaining of Lybia, Italy has been recognized as equal to France in Mediterranean power, and when she civilizes and organizes Lybia, as France has organized Algeria and Tunis, she will be recognized as one of the most powerful of European nations.

One of the most remarkable things about this war is the way the Italians bore their reverses when they had been so positive they would have nothing but overwhelming victory. They met their mishaps cheerfully and courageously and proved their valor so well that Italy will scarcely feel the drainage on her financial powers.

G. M.

# EXCHANGE



Bean's

The purpose of the Exchange Department is for our mutual benefit; it is, in short, "to see ourselves as others see us." Such a department can only be conducted along critical lines. That is, it must be a criticism. Not necessarily harsh criticism, to show up weak points alone, but criticism with the view of encouragement. No sham or flattery can or will be tolerated in this phase. If such were the case, the purpose of the department would be destroyed, and it were better then eliminated. One's best friend is one who speaks plainly of him *to you*. At the time being it may be hard to "swallow," but upon further reflection you love him the better for the plain talk. We also incorporate the cream of anecdotes from various other school magazines in our Exchange Department, as we believe this to be a beneficial practice.

*The Academy Graduate.*—Your cover is one that inspires a desire in a reader to seek further. On "The Spy" and your editorial you are to be commended. It is with regret, however, that we looked in vain for an Exchange Department.

*University of North Carolina Magazine.*—Your magazine is not only neat and attractive in appearance, but contains good reading matter.

*The Scout*.—Your cover and heading are remarkably in accordance with your name. Your jokes are original, and the paper as a whole is most enjoyable.

#### A WORD TO THE WISE.

Our school is fortunate in having a capable and efficient staff of editors to make the ——— a success. They are already devoting much of their time to it; they are willing to devote much more—in short:

They'll toil for it, they'll moil for it, they'll tear up sky and soil for it;

They'll plead for it, they'll read for it, they'll all but go to seed for it;

They'll fight for it, they'll write for it, they'll sit up half the night for it;

They'll think for it, they'll drink for it, they'll put them on the blink for it;

They'll thief for it, deceive for it, they'll cause their friends to leave for it;

Take blame for it, risk shame for it, and hazard name and fame for it;

They'll ache for it, they'll fake for it, they'll suffer at the stake for it; They'll sigh for it, they'll lie for it, and cheerfully they'd die for it—

But what's the use if the "student body as a whole" doesn't give them substantial support?—*Ex*.

(Remark:—We have no kick coming along this line, however.)

Down in the dining room the band struck up "My Country, 'Tis of Thee"; but it sounded different to Jack. It went:

"One beer for one of us,  
Two beers for two of us,  
Three beers for three;  
Four beers for four of us,  
Five beers for five of us,  
Six beers for six of us,  
Seven beers for me."—*Ex*.

## ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.

If you go to Germany and ask a girl for a kiss and she says "Nein," don't be a pig—take eight and leave the other fellow one.—*Ex.*

\* \* \*

Young Hopeful: "Father, what is a traitor in politics?"

Veteran Politician: "A traitor is a man who leaves our party and goes over to the other one."

Young Hopeful: "Well, then, what is a man who leaves his party and comes over to yours?"

Veteran Politician: "A convert, my son."



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DEANS

Promptly at 9 a. m., Tuesday, September 3, school opened with an enrollment of about three hundred. We extend a hearty welcome and our best wishes for a successful career in the High School to the new students. We hope they will reap an abundant supply of useful knowledge from the school, and make the Asheville High better for their having been here.

Our Faculty is entirely new this year, with one exception. It is composed of the following members: Principal, Mr. R. V. Kennedy; History, Miss Kathleen D. Ware; Latin, Mr. E. J. Londow; English, Miss O'Brion; Science, Mr. Wm. Meyer; Mathematics, Mr. Thos. H. Franks; Latin and History, Miss Blodgett; English and Physiology, Miss Logeman; Music, Miss E. W. Truett; Drawing, Miss M. M. Atkins. We consider ourselves fortunate in having such an able Faculty, and hope that the liking will be mutual. Here's to our Faculty; long may they live. (Even as long as the lessons they give.)

The opening day of the Western North Carolina Fair was Educational Day. Therefore no lessons were recited that day

in any part of the county, but, instead, the children came from miles around to exhibit themselves to the interested citizens. There were upwards of five thousand children in the parade. The county schools led the parade. There were no special features in their march; but each class of the High School had some distinguishing feature. The girls of the 1A wore pink hair ribbons and white dresses. The 1B class colors were not very well carried out. Only a rope of purple and white ran between the lines. The 2A had decorations of light blue and white, carried out in the dresses and ribbons of the girls. A banner of white and blue was carried at the head of the class. The 2B had pretty much the same plan, with their colors, orange and black, substituted in place of 2A's. The 3A had prominent characteristics. Heading the class was a shield, draped in green and white silk, with their motto, "*Dum vivimus vivamus*," on it. Green and white ropes on either side kept the lines straight. All wore white flowers and carried green penants. The girls (and some of the boys) wore green hair ribbons. On a par with the 3A class was the 4A. At the head of the boys was a large Athenean banner, as all the boys with one exception belong to that literary society, carried by two small and two large boys. A big High School banner was carried by the last two boys. On either side the ropes of dark blue and white enclosed the double line. The girls wore white dresses, blue coats, and blue hair ribbons. The 4B class drew up the rear. Their banner was of Alice blue and gold. They, too, had ropes of their class colors on the outside of the ranks. Altogether the parade was very pretty and effective, and enough compliments were received to turn our heads—only they are flattery proof!

We were very glad to receive the following, and wish that more of our graduates would remember us with letters:

DEAR HIGH SCHOOL FOLKS:—We “alumni-luses” have passed out of the shades of learning into the wide, wide world. Some of us are pursuing the art of learning further; some are entering the business world, and some are resting after their years of labor, but the memory of the A. H. S. will linger for aye with us all.

Through the four years we learned many of life’s lessons, and “lived to learn, and learned to live.” Of all the troubles and joys we grew to know that it was not the thing in itself that counted, but only how we took it, and that life was what we made it.

With the joy of saying “vare” to Virgil, and “adieu” to French prose, and “guten-bei” to irregular verbs, and tacking Q. E. D. to each proposition, there was a reluctance to leave the Alma Mater.

We wish all of you—Faculty and students—the best of success for this new school year.

AN ALUMNA OF 1912.

A new organization has entered the ranks of High School societies. This is a tennis club. It was organized in September with twenty-four people present. The membership fee is twenty-five cents. Although they have played but few games yet, we hope to hear from them in the early future.

Another recent organization is the Science Society. At a recent meeting a paper on “Will the Universe Run Down Like a Clock?” was read. With such questions to discuss, the society will at least prove interesting; and it is sincerely hoped that more students will join.

Notice to orphans! If you haven’t an aunt, uncle, or brother to give you away when you get married, the following may be used, as it is in good form and very up to date:

#### NOTYCE TO THE PUBLICK.

A—— L—— and me will be married tomorrow at 12 p. m. You are requested to come if you like. Be sure and hav a Wedin Presint. ice tea will be soived—cake. We is got nobody to announce this so we thot weed do it ourself.

H—— M—— will be the parson at this obnoxious occashun.

(Signed) Buz T.

## *The High School Minstrels*

Lots of people in Asheville, although they attend the High School minstrel shows and enjoy them, do not know their purpose, and to enlighten these this article is written. Many, although, as I said, they enjoy the minstrels, do not altogether approve of them for the reason that they think the boys waste altogether too much time with this form of diversion. But it is not merely a diversion, nor is it a waste of time. Every minstrel show we have ever had has been organized with some definite end in view, either to finance the Athletic Association, or to assist the High School with pecuniary means to make some improvement for the benefit of the students. The High School minstrels have provided the wherewithal with which we have purchased a new grand piano for the chapel, added several new volumes to the library, and, as I before remarked, paid some of the expenses of the Athletic Association.

If the High School minstrels are a diversion, they are a worthy one; but it is a question whether they are as much of a diversion as some folks suppose. They do not know the work attached to such an undertaking, of the hours and hours of monotonous rehearsal to perfect a crowd of boys in singing their songs right, and memorizing the parts, and saying them in the proper manner. They do not know the trouble it takes to teach boys how to shift scenery quickly and without any mishaps, or of the trouble of keeping the costumes in order and in their places, ready for use on the night of the performance. And then, think of the worry, and the stage fright and other difficulties to be encountered by the inexperienced amateur.

The High School minstrels were first conceived of four

years ago, by Mr. Rubinow, who was then our science instructor. They were organized and staged the same year by about twenty boys, with the able assistance of our music supervisor, Miss Kimberly. Of course this first production of the minstrels was far from perfect in some ways, but this was due to inexperience, more than anything else. The show was received with much enthusiasm and exceeded all expectations as a successful production.

To describe each successive minstrel in detail would be tiresome and unnecessary, so suffice it to say that of the four shows which have been produced, each was such a marked improvement over the other, each was so crisp, new, original, and well executed, that they grew in favor with the public, and have established a reputation for amateur productions that would be hard to beat. Whenever the High School minstrel boys stage a new performance now, they are assured of a large and appreciative audience. It is to their credit that the boys have worked the minstrels up to their present high standard, as it shows what school spirit will do when turned to practical ends. Let us remember that everything they have done, all their attempts, efforts, and successes, have been for the benefit of the Asheville High School as a whole, and not for themselves. When they leave the High School, they will leave knowing that they did at least their share for their school. For my part, what I am, and what I hope to be, I owe in part to the training of organization and unselfishness which I received while in association with the wholehearted and generous crowd of boys who compose the High School Minstrels.

JAMES SPEARS HOWELL, '13.

## *Athenean Literary Society*

The Athenean Literary Society of the Asheville High School is in a prosperous condition. Its road has been long and rugged; its pathway beset by numerous difficulties; but today, by the personality of some of its former members and by the ever increasing enthusiasm of the present body, it stands ready and willing to share its honor and glory with each individual member. And we have hosts of members, too numerous to mention herein, who have starred in larger universities and literary societies because of the training they received as Atheneans.

With the opening of the 1912-'13 school term the following officers were elected: Walter McRary, President; Junius Reister, Vice-President; George Meares, Secretary; Daniel Loomis, Treasurer.

Miss E. W. Truitt, musical director in the city schools, has generously offered a five-dollar gold piece to the member of the Athenean Society showing the greatest improvement in literary work at the close of this term. The society has also offered a prize of one dollar to the member who wins the greatest number of debates this term. The new members are eligible to these contests and have an opportunity of winning not only the prizes, but personal knowledge and distinction as well.

Our weekly meeting is held in the society hall every Friday evening at 7:45 o'clock, with an average attendance of about twenty-five active members. These members are very zealous in their work, and, with the unlimited prospects before them, intend to make this the most victorious year in the history of the society.

WILLIAM T. KEENER, '13.

### *Cooper Literary Society*

As the High School again resumes its work for another year, once again do the Coopers take up their work, going at it with a vim and the determination to make the coming term a success in society work. Although we haven't as many members as last year, due to the fact that several graduated and others have quit to enter college, those that we have make up in loyalty and quality that which they lack in quantity. At first we missed our old members, among them being our old President, Wallace Wright; but with the election of our new President, Mr. Taylor, every meeting runs smoothly now.

During the last month we have had many interesting debates, several being extemporaneous, and these are always enjoyable. Many other things on our program have proven very helpful and entertaining, among them being current events. Mr. Franks, as an honorary member, has helped us much this month, making an excellent critic and adviser.

New members are coming into the society every Friday night, and we hope there will be many more to join us in the coming meetings. Visitors are always welcome, whether they desire to become members or not. A cordial invitation is always extended

LEROY OWENS, '12.

### *Ottolanian Literary Society*

Although very little was heard from the Ottolansians during the first month of school, the society was by no means dead, but merely gathering strength for a fresh start. With the able and most welcome assistance of our sponsor, Miss Ware, the society has become more enthusiastic and more anxious for work than ever before. In accordance with her suggestion, we opened a membership campaign, and on the evening of October 18th gave an open meeting to all girls in the High School, which was well attended.

Contrary to precedent, we have this year not only changed our meetings to Friday night, but also extended the right of membership to all girls in the High School, beginning with the 1A grade. We are glad to welcome our twenty-three new members to the society, and cordially extend to all other girls interested in our work an invitation to join and become a member of "our bond so true and strong."

SARAH T. ROGERS, '12.

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